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—A peddler calling on an old lady to dispose of some goods inquired of her if she could tell him of any road on which no peddler had traveled. "Yes," replied she, "I know of one, and that's the road to heaven."

Thin Out the Fruit.

If this important matter has not already been attended to, it should be done without delay. There is no excellence without labor and care, and this is particularly true of fruit growing. Daily vigilance is indispensably requisite in order to insure success. In horticulture, sound judgment is required, and nerve sufficient to execute its commands. When the time arrives for thinning out fruit, it must be done. We know that excessive production is always at the expense of both quantity and quality, and often results in seriously impairing the vitality of the tree. We agree with Mr. Mehan, that "one-half the trees which bear fruit every year would be benefited by one-half of the fruit taken off as soon as it is well set; and the overbearing of a tree will in a few years destroy it."

But it requires courage to thin out fruit as it should be. As a rule, the fruit should be thinned out so that, when fully grown, they will not touch each other. Indeed, it would be still better to thin out peaches so that the distance between them should be from two to four inches. In the latter case the result will be that what fruit is allowed to remain on will be of large size, and usually of fine color, and will command a ready sale in market at high and remunerative figures. In no instance is fruit so good when the tree or plant is overloaded, nor will it attain its proper size. The price obtained is always much less, the customers dissatisfied, and your trees suffer therefrom. —*Rural World.*

—"It is an exploded theory," says one who speaks with knowledge, "that women dress to please the men. They dress to please or spite each other. Any girl of sense and experience knows that it is as easy to break a man's heart in a $2 muslin, neatly made up, as it is in a $500 silk costume made by a man-dress-maker." It is, in fact, a great deal easier. The natural charm of a young girl is often destroyed by excessive dressing. Men like tasteful and not extravagant toilets; and the rivalry in dress among women is not to catch a beau, but to mortify an enemy.

THE young lady who mistook a bottle of mucilage for hair oil has been too stuck up to go to any parties since.

THE EARLY BIRD.

Daintily over the dew-wet grass
Tripped blue-eyed Milly, the farmer's lass,
Swinging her milkpail to and fro,
As she murmured a love-song, soft and low.
Many a suitor Milly had,
From the squire's son to the herdman's lad;
But she smiled on all with a merry glance
And gave each wooer an equal chance.

Now faithful Donald, the herdsman's lad,
The more he loved her the more was sad;
"For what with the squire's son," thought he,
"She never will turn a thought to me!"
But down in the meadow he raked the hay,
When Milly went singing along that way.
He watched her pass, and she cried, in jest:
"'Tis the early bird'—you know the rest!"

Then suddenly Donald grew so bold
That the "old, old story" was quickly told;
And blue-eyed Milly was nothing loth
On that summer's morning to plight her troth.
"Oh! foolish Donald!" she cried, in glee,
"To wait so long for a hint from me!"
Then merrily over the dew wet grass
Tripped Donald and Milly, his own sweet lass.

THE BOARD FENCE.

"Shoo, shoo, get home, you plaguy critters!" cried Mr. Babcock, waving his arms as he chased a dozen sheep and lambs through a gap in the fence.

It was a wooden fence, and when he had succeed in driving the animals the other side of it, he lifted it from its reclining position, and propped it up with stakes. This was an operation he had found himself obliged to repeat many times in the course of the season, and not only of that season, but of several previous seasons.

Yet Mr. Babcock was neither slack nor thriftless; in fact, he rather prided himself on the orderly appearance of his farm, and not without reason. How then shall we account for his negligence in this particular instance?

The truth was that this fence formed the boundary line between his estate and that of Mr. Small; and three generations of men who owned these estates had been unable to decide to whom it belonged to rebuild and keep it in repair. If the owners had chanced to be men of peaceable dispositions, they had compromised the matter and avoided a quarrel; but if, on the contrary, they belonged to that much larger class who would sooner sacrifice their own comfort and convenience than their so-called *rights*, this fence had been a source of unending bickerings and strife.

And of this class were the present owners. Again and again they had consulted their respective lawyers on the subject, and dragged from their hiding-places musty old deeds and records, but always with the same result.

"I say it belongs to you to keep it in repair; that's as plain as a pike staff," Mr. Babcock would say.

"And I says it belong to you,—any fool might see that," Mr. Small would reply, and then high words would follow, and they would part in anger, more determined and obstinate than before. The lawyer's fees and the loss by damages from each others' cattle had already amounted to a sum sufficient to have built a fence round their entire estates, but what was that compared to the satisfaction of having their own way?

There was not wanting in the neighborhood peace-makers who would gladly have settled the affair by arbitration; but to this neither of the belligerents would listen for a moment.

At last, one day, Miss Letitia Gill, a woman much respected in the village, and of some weight as a land-owner and tax-payer, sent for Mr. Babcock to come and see her on business; a summons which he made haste to obey, as how could he do otherwise where a lady was concerned.

Miss Letitia sat at her window sewing up a seam, but she dropped her work and took off her spectacles when Mr. Babcock made his appearance.

"So you got my message; thank you for coming, I'm sure. Sit down, do. I suppose my man Isaac told you I wanted to consult you on a matter of business,—a matter of equity, I may say. It can't be expected that we women folks should be the best judges about such things, you know; there's Isaac, to be sure, but then he lives on the place, and maybe he wouldn't be exactly impartial in his judgment about our affairs.'

"Jes' so," said Mr. Babcock.

"Well, the state of the case is this: When Isaac came up from the long meadow to dinner,—they're mowing the meadow to-day, and an uncommonly good yield there is,—when he came up to dinner, he found that certain stray cows had broken into the vegetable garden."

"He did, hey?"

"You can fancy the riot they made. I declare, Isaac was almost ready to use profane language. I'm not sure that he didn't say 'deuce,' and I'm not certain he did say 'darn;' and after all, I couldn't feel to reproach him very severely, for the pains he has taken with that garden is something amazing; working in it, Mr. Babcock, early and late, weeding and digging, and watering, and now to see it all torn and trampled so that you wouldn't know which was beets and which was cucumbers, it's enough to rouse anybody's temper.

"It is so," said Mr. Babcock.

"And that isn't all, for by the looks of things they must have been rampaging a full hour in the orchard and clover-field before they had got into the garden. Just you come and see;" and putting on her sun-bonnet, Miss Letitia showed Mr. Babcock over the damaged precinct.

"You don't happen to know those animals did the mischief?" said Mr. Babcock.

"Well, I didn't observe them in particular, but Isaac said there was one with a particular white mark; something like a cross on her haunch."

"Why, that's Small's old Brindle," cried Mr. Babcock. "I know the mark as well as I know the nose on my face. She had balls on her horns, didn't she?"

"Yes, so Isaac said."

"And a kind of hump on her back?"

"A perfect dromedary," said Miss Letitia. "I noticed that myself."

"They were Small's cows,—no doubt about it at all," said Mr. Babcock, rubbing his hands. "No sheep with them; hey?"

"Well, now I think of it, there were sheep—they ran away as soon as they saw Isaac. Yes, certainly there were sheep," said Miss Letitia.

"Now it,—they always go with the cows; and what you wish of me—"

"Is to fix the damages," said Miss Letitia. "As I said before, women folks are no judges about such matters."

Mr. Babcock meditated a moment, and then said:

"Well, I wouldn't take a cent less than seventy-five dollars, if I were you,—not a cent."

"Seventy-five dollars! Isn't that a good deal, Mr. Babcock? You know I don't wish to be hard on the poor man; all I want is a fair compensation for the mischief done."

"Seventy-five dollars is fair, ma'am,—in fact, I may say it's low; I wouldn't have a herd of cattle and sheep tramping through my premises in that way for a hundred."

"There's one thing I forgot to state,—the orchard gate was open or they couldn't have got in; that may make a difference."

"Not a bit,—not a bit. You'd a right to have your gate open, but Small's cows had no right to run loose. I hope Isaac drove 'em all to the pound, didn't he?"

"I heard him say he'd shut 'em up somewhere, and didn't mean to let 'em out till the owner calls for 'em. But, Mr. Babcock, what if he should refuse to pay the damages? I should hate to go to law about it."

"He won't refuse; if he does, keep the critters till he *will* pay. As to law, I guess he's had about enough of that."

"I'm sure I thank you for your advice," said Miss Letitia, "and I mean to act upon it to the very letter."

And Mr. Babcock took his leave with a very happy expression of countenance.

Scarcely was he out of sight when Miss Letitia sent a summons for Mr. Small, which he obeyed as promptly as his neighbor had done.

She made to him precisely the same statement she had made to Mr. Babcock, showed him the injured property, and asked him to fix damages.

It was remarkable that before he did this, he should ask the same question Mr. Babcock had asked, namely, whether she had any suspicion to whom the animals belonged.

"Well, one of them I observed had a terribly crooked horn."

"Precisely—it's Babcock's heifer. I should know her among a thousand. She was black and white, wasn't she?"

"Well, now I think of it, she was; one seldom sees so clear a black and white on a cow."

"To be sure, they're Babcock's animals fast enough. Well, let me see—what you want is just about a fair estimate, I suppose?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I should say ninety dollars was as low as he ought to be allowed to get off with."

"O, but I fear that will seem as if I meant to take advantage. Suppose we call it—say seventy five?"

"Just as you please, of course; but hanged if I'd let him off for less than a hundred, if 'twas my case."

"And if he refuses to pay?"

"Why, keep his animals till he comes round, that's all."

"But there's one thing I neglected to mention: our gate was standing open; that may alter the case."

"Not at all,—there's no law against your keeping your gate open; there is against stray animals."

"Very well,—thank you for your advice," said Miss Letitia; and Mr. Small departed with as smiling a countenance as Mr. Babcock had worn.

But at milking time that night he made a strange discovery—old Brindle was missing!

At about the same hour Mr. Babcock made a similar discovery—the black and white heifer was nowhere to be found!

A horrible suspicion seized them both,—a suspicion which they would not have made know to each other for the world.

They waited till it was dark, and then Mr. Babcock stole round to Miss Letitia's, and meekly asked leave to look at the animals which had committed the trespass. He would have done it without asking leave, only that thrifty Miss Letitia always locked her barn doors at night.

While he stood looking over into the pen where the cows were confined, and trying to negotiate with Miss Letitia for the release of the heifer, along came Mr. Small, in quest of Brindle. The two men stared at each other for an instant in blank dismay, and then hung their heads in confusion.

It was useless to assert that the damages were too high, for had they not fixed them themselves? It was useless to plead that Miss Letitia was in a manner responsible for what had happened, on account of the open gate, for had they not assured her that circumstance did not affect the case? It was useless to say that she had no right to keep the cows in custody, for had they not counseled her to do so? As to going to law about it, would they not thus become the sport of the whole town?

"'He that diggeth a pit, he himself shall fall into it,'" said Miss Letitia, who read what was passing in their minds as well as if they had spoken, or the light of Isaac's lantern fell full on their faces. "However, I don't wish to be hard upon you, and on one condition I will free the cows and forgive you the debt."

"What is that?" Both looked the question, but did not ask it.

"The condition is that you promise to put a good new fence in place of the old one that separates your estates, dividing the costs between you, and that henceforth you will live peaceably together as far as in you lies. Do you promise?"

"Yes," muttered both, in a voice scarcely audible.

"Shake hands upon it, then," said Miss Letitia.

They did so.

"Now let the cows out, Isaac; it's time they were milked," said she. And the two men went away driving their animals before them, with a shame-faced air greatly in contrast to the look of triumph with which they had last quitted her presence.

The fence was built, and the strife ceased when the cause was removed but it was long before Miss Letitia's part of the affair came to the public ear; for she herself maintained a strict silence concerning it, and enjoined the same upon her man-servant Isaac.

Mules and Women.

Some unknown party writes me as follows:

"Mr. M quad pleas advise me in your next colum what to do with a kicking mual—Shell i pound him or not

"my wife is also trecherous as the mual i believe her tongue is hung on the middle and flies at both ends

"L. L. P."

No, sir, don't pound your mule. I know it is customary for owners of mules to commence on the animal at sunrise with a crowbar and pound him until bedtime, but I have always found kindness more successful. Seek to gain the friendship of your mule, and as soon as you succeed you can do anything with him. When you go into the barn in the morning, have a kind word for him, instead of knocking him down with the neck-yoke. Ask after the health of his family—show him that you are interested in his welfare—be civil and yet dignified, and as soon as that mule finds out that some one in this cold world loves him he will be a different mule.

All mules kick, my dear sir, just as all men love to hold a fat office, but there's a remedy for it. Get an old stove boiler, fill it with bricks, and hang it by a rope so that it will just swing against the animal's heels. Every time he kicks it will fly back, like the pendulum of a clock, and the patience of the most enduring mule will, in time, wear out. I tried this once, and the mule kicked twenty-four days and nights before he surrendered, but after that you might run a steamboat on his heels, and he wouldn't raise a hoof.

Feed your mule well. I know of farmers who throw a keg of nails or an old sap-pan into the manger, and expect a mule to grow fat on such forage, but it embitters their feelings and makes 'em more set in their ways. Of course I don't say that you must feed a mule on fried eggs, currant jelly, raisin cake, and the like of that, but don't expect he can feed on rails and feel enthusiastic all the time.

About your wife. Don't try to stop her from talking unless you want to kill her. It's natural for a woman to talk, sir. My first wife used to nearly kill me, but I now remember with strict grief how I deliberately planned her death. I bet $10 that she couldn't keep right on talking for three weeks, and she commenced. I had to go away from home, but she was a woman that wouldn't lie, and I trusted to her honor. I returned home at the end of three weeks. There was no one around the house, but on a chair where I left my dear wife sitting, was a corset, a dress, a dozen buttons and a back-comb—the last sad relicts of my loving partner. She had talked herself to death, and as I began to weep the corset spoke up and said:

"Come down with that little ten dollars, if you please." M. QUAD.

A Popular Comet.

The World has received information that the comet is very popular among young lovers, and they never tire of the heavenly hunt, but endure with astonishing resignation the constantly recurring collisions consequent upon the sudden movements of their heads in opposite diretcions. Now and then the young fellow is sure he sees it, and then in the excitement of the moment he passes his arm about his companion's neck, and with his hand under her chin raises her face toward that of the starry firmament where he thinks he has discovered the celestial wanderer. Full of enthusiasm the girl remains gazing in this position long and earnestly, the silver moonlight illuminating her countenance with a radiance that gives to every feature an angelic charm, and suggesting the idea that she herself might be a beautiful star, moulded into human form and sent upon the earth for the delectation of mankind. But at this interesting point of the search the voice of a sleepy and unromantic father penetrates the shadows of the garden—"Ja a-a-ne! it is ten o'clock," and the charm is broken.

The Bamboo Tree.

Probably this tree subserves more purposes of usefulness than any other in the whole range of nature. The Indian obtains from it a part of his food, many of his household utensils, and a wood at once lighter and capable of bearing greater strains than heavier timber of the same size. Besides, in expeditions in the tropics under the rays of a vertical sun, bamboo trunks have more than once been used as barrels, in which water much purer than could be preserved in vessels of any other kind, is fresh for the crew. On the western coast of Southern Asia, the bamboo furnishes all the materials for the construction of houses, at once pleasant, substantial and preferable to stone, which the frequently recurring earthquakes bring down upon the heads of the owners. The fact that the bamboo is hollow has made it eminently useful for a variety of purposes—it serves as a measure for liquids, and if fitted with a lid and a bottom, trunks and barrels are quite frequently made of it. Even small boats very often are made of the largest trunks, by strengthening them with strips of other wood where needed. In one day they obtain the height of several feet, and with the aid of a microscope their development can be easily watched. But the most remarkable feature about the bamboo is their blossoming. With all this rapidity of growth they bloom only twice in a century, the flower appearing at the end of fifty years. Like other grasses, they die after having borne seed. The highest of the bamboo is the Sammot. In tracts where it grows in the greatest perfection, it sometimes rises to the height of one hundred feet, with a stem only eighteen inches in diameter at the base. The wood itself is only an inch in thickness.

The Cradle of our Fashions.

The word "milliner" is derived from the name of "Milan." Millinery for some centuries was synonymous with fine dress goods of Milan manufacture. It is still the most fashionable city in Italy, and is the center of its silk business. From 1565 till 1859, Milan and Lombardy were ruled over and plundered, first by the Spaniards, next by the Austrians, then for a time by the French, and after them again by the Austrians, until liberated by the battle of Magenta, which restored it to the Italians. The wealth and beauty of the city, and the wonderful fertility of the surrounding country, have always rendered it an object of cupidity and longing desire to foreign powers.

The Merchants of the Future.

A German statistician has lately given a tabular view of the commercial movement of the world as shown in the export and import trade of nations. In some regions, as in Africa, it is difficult to make an estimate; but what is equally striking is the fact that while old commercial countries maintain their trade, new ones are dawning, as it were, into the activity of commercial day. On looking at the trade figures of half-civilized countries, we see in them the great key to the commerce of the future. The trade of some countries does not always grow in proportion to the superior intelligence and commercial spirit of their people, but oftener according as its natural productions are in demand by other people. This influences the export trade alone. The imports depend more on, first, the available exportable matter, and secondly the necessities of the people, or rather on their appreciation of the wants of civilized life. But here again calculations are often at fault, for it is not the people upon whom most dependence is placed that always turn out the best customers. Even in two peoples like the Chinese and Japanese there is a great difference of willingness, to avail themselves of the result of progress. Social habits and ethnological considerations both enter as factors. The surprising developments of such countries as Egypt show us the probable impetus which will mark the trade of what may be called undeveloped commercial regions of the world.

It is this very fact that will preserve such manufacturing countries as England from decline. Trade is only beginning with some lands, and their inhabitants are but just becoming acquainted with the products of civilization. Till such time as these new countries themselves begin to manufacture, they will doubtless be customers of Great Britain, France, Germany and America for such articles as each can sell cheapest. In the meantime, however, there is little doubt that when once the barriers which separate China from the rest of the world are broken down, it will enter in the markets with all the advantages which its immense and skillful population will give it. In different kinds of man factures it is more than probable it will completely shut out European competitors. Late travelers through China have not only been amazed at the progress the Chinese are making, but are filled with apprehension at the perspective.

Another revolution in the importing and exporting business is preparing, which may involve a complete transformation in banking and exchange. When the commercial relations of two countries are sufficiently regulated, exchanges will be made in products, and balances will be paid in orders on other countries, which will also represent so much value in merchandise. The regulating power will not be gold, or gold alone, but what coin can only represent—the commodities. These commodities will be symbolized on paper, and the use of metallic currency, in consequence, will be proportionately diminished. Transactions will be made on samples, and the merchants of the future will be speculators in products, as our brokers are in railway shares. The spirit of the age is speculative, and the tendency beyond question. What changes commerce may undergo, it is difficult to determine, but it would seem to gravitate to an excited but peaceful contest with the world for its field of operation.—*New York Commercial Bulletin.*

The Fate of Old Women Among the Colorado River Indians.

The life of an Indian maiden is blithe and merry for a few years, but when she becomes a wife she is soon broken down with the pains of motherhood and the heavy labors which fall to her lot, and she soon becomes wrinkled, garrulous, cross, scolding, in fact an old hag. Of course such hags are not pleasant company in camp, and in the belief of the Numa such old hags grow uglier and meaner until they dry up and whirlwinds carry them away, when they are transformed into witches; and lest such a fate should befall old women, they are taught that it is their duty to die when they are no longer needed, and if they do not die by natural means, in reasonable time, they must commit suicide. This they seem very willing to do rather than to meet that terrible fate of being transformed into witches and being compelled to live in snake skins, and wriggle about among the rocks, their only delight being to repeat the words of passers-by in mockery. I once saw three old women thus voluntarily starving themselves. I rode up to what was almost a deserted camp, the three old women only remaining, sitting by the fire and intently gazing into the embers. They seemed to heed not my approach, but sat there numbling and groaning until they rose, each dragging up her weight with a staff, and then they joined in sidewise, shuffling, tottering, senile dance around the fire, propped up by their staffs, and singing a doleful song. Having finished which, they sat again on their heels and gazed into the fire, and I rode away. On coming to the new camp of the tribe the next day, and inquiring of Chui-at-aum-peak, their chief, why these women were left behind and what they were doing, I was informed they had determined to commit suicide, fearing lest they should be transformed into witches.

—A Shreveport editor, being asked wether Byron wrote a certain line, replied that he could not say that Byron wrote it, as he did not see him write it, but the line was to be found in one of Byron's poems. Evidently something had happened to teach that editor caution.

—"Sad thing to lose your wife," said a friend to a Vermonter who stood at the grave of his wife. "Well, tolerably sad," replied the mourner, "but then, her clothes just fit my oldest girl."

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—A sensitive girl has broken off the match because he said she had a foot like a raisin-box.

—A Boston man boldly declares that if he couldn't get out of Philadelphia any other way he would cheerfully crawl into a mortar and be shot out of it.

—"I wonder if it's sea-sickness that makes sailors always a heaving up anchors!" exclaimed Aunt Hepsibah, as she looked thoughtfully up from her morning paper.

—A little boy of our acquaintance a few days ago, after attentively watching a couple of industriously inclined bugs, remarked that even the bugs had got to playing marbles.

—"Now, Sammy, tell me, have you read the story of Joseph?" "Oh, yes, uncle." "Well, then, what wrong did they do when they sold their brother?" "They sold him too cheap, I think."

—Out of one hundred and eighty-two boys in the Connecticut reform school, the superintendent reports that one hundred and eighty are liars. The proposal now is to educate the entire lot of 'em for the profession of the law.

—It will render your daily routine of life more balmy to be made aware of the fact that hydrophobia can be communicated by a dog that is not mad, and that the disease may suddenly start from a bite twenty years old.

—An elderly clergyman of Chicago, when asked the other day why he had never married, replied that he had spent his lifetime in looking for a woman who would refrain from working him a pair of slippers, and he had never found her.

—A Brooklyn young women, who abandoned her old husband, says: "He was too soft. I couldn't be hugging and kissing him all the while—it isn't my disposition. I couldn't bear to be obliged to sit on his lap and cuddle him every time I wanted a cent."

—Walt Whitman's ode to the St. Louis bridge:

Lo! a bridge at St. Louis!
Stretched from the bungs of multiplicated beer kegs,
Already overpassed by feet that could not be excelled in Chicago (which he was an elephant),
Star-joyed with the multitudinous expectations of the whereas and wherefore.
For it string serpent hued myriads
And lightning girded monstrosities of all kinds,
Down through the anti-spasmodic whirls of catelepsies,
Dumfounding, bamboozling all, even the Hereafter.
In an unmitigated extension of the culmination of Chudiranigo.

—A person wants to be careful, of course, but where in the crown of one's hat can one find room for a slip containing directions for the treatment of a drowning man, a compendium of rules for avoiding hydrophobia, a string of remedies for sunstroke, and one's fire-alarm card? Nobody but a paper hanger could do the job well.

—An Illinois paper says: "Mr. A. W. Sheltan came into this office the other day with one side of his face badly swollen and one eye greatly inflamed, caused, as he says, by the poison of a potato bug. He struck a bug with a piece of lath, and some of the "juice" struck his face near his eyelid. Two physicians attending him consider the bug much more powerful as a blistering agent than Spanish flies.

—A Burlington, Iowa, board of trade man got into trouble by letting his business weigh too heavily on his mind the other night. His wife heard him murmur in his sleep, "Ella, dear Ella," fondly and tenderly, and as her name is Mehitable, she woke him with the bald end of the hair brush, and asked him, "Who?" "I was thinking of Ella Vator," the wretched man said calmly, and chuckled off to sleep again.

—A young man, who had spent a little of his own time and a great deal of his father's money in fitting for the bar, was asked, after his examination, how he got along. "Oh, well enough," said he; "I answered one question right." "Ah, indeed!" said the old gentleman, with looks of paternal satisfaction at his son's peculiar smartness; "and what was it?" "They asked me what a *qui tum* action was." "That was a hard one, and you answered it correctly, did you?" "Yes; I told them I did not know."

—On a cruise the sailors saw a comet and were somewhat surprised and alarmed at its appearance. The hands met and appointed a committee to wait on the commander and ask his opinion of it. They approached him and said: "We want to ask your opinion, your honor." "Well, my boys, what is it about?" "We want to inquire about that thing up there." "Now, before I answer you, first let me know what you think it is!" "Well, your honor, we have talked it all over, and we think it is a star sprung a leak."

London's Poverty.

A London correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer says: "Every day I meet the most pitiable looking objects, imploring charity only by their looks, for they dare not reach forth a hand. Begging seems to be a poor investment here. They don't get rich and retire like they do in America. I never saw such squalor and wretchedness in my lifetime in America as I can see in London streets in one day. I don't like the extremes here. Here the papers are howling because the government does not expend more money in buying paintings for the national art gallery, while under the very shadows of that magnificent edifice people are writhing in poverty. Another thing that strikes me are the innumerable charitable institutions I see on every hand, all supported by private charity. They have asylums for cripples, blind, the aged and the orphans. But there is no charity in English law like there is in the Ohio statutes. These people are cared for here only when they cannot care for themselves, and often not then; while the broad humanity of our law gathers the young under shelter—not merely to shelter, but to educate and nurture into manhood and womanhood and useful citizenship. The subjects of English charity go from the asylums to the graveyards, while they in our country go from this kindly shelter into active and useful life, and repay an hundredfold the money expended for their comfort by the state."